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WARWICK MANSION,

## MEMS. FROM BAYREUTH.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

On the occasion of King Ludwig's recent visit the Royal train did not enter the station, but stopped at one o'clock a.m. about a mile outside the Town, where his Majesty was received by Herr Wagner, who accompanied him in a close carriage to the Hermitage. The carriage was purposely driven through back streets, and avoided the leading thoroughfares. On the ensuing evening a grand rehearsal was held, at the Wagner Theatre, in the presence of the King, who sat next to the Abbate Franz Liszt. On the occasion of the King's going to Wagner's Villa several presentations took place, the principal singers and Herr Wilhelmj, the *Concertmeister*, being among the first persons introduced. The king left by express train, at midnight, for Hohenschwangau, a favourite summer residence, where, seated in a gondola drawn—it is said—by swans, and playing the lute, he glides up and down over the surface of a lake, which constitutes one of the great charms of the place. The most complete silence reigns around the Royal performer and his gondola, for no stranger is ever allowed to penetrate the solitude.

Among the constant visitors at Wagner's house is the Emperor of Brazil.

One reason assigned here for the suicide of the late Sultan is that he killed himself because, though holding a *Patronatschein*, he should not be able to attend the performance of the long-expected and world-renowned Tetralogical Trilogy. This is gravely stated, and, in certain cases, implicitly believed. There is but one step from the Sublime to the Ridiculous. The distance between fanatic enthusiasm and sheer idiocy is frequently even less.

In the orchestra, which, as everyone knows, is below the stage, the heat is about 100 degrees Fahrenheit. The varnish of many a Stradivarius will inevitably suffer from the perspiration streaming off the brow of its owner. Lagerbeer is prohibited in the building, and the town is half-a-mile away.

Wagner is "At Home" on Thursdays from eight to eleven p.m. In the dusk of the evening we strolled through the quiet streets, conscious of being subjected to keen scrutiny by the inhabitants, who, seated at their windows, gazed at the "distinguished visitors" as the latter passed. On approaching the Wahnfried Villa, which stands at the end of the high road between Rollwenzel and the Hermitage, you feel rather astonished at finding no windows. There is a door, however, and a large allegorical painting of "a Raven, the Greek Muse, and the Goddess of Music"—at least, such was the explanation we received of it. After traversing a fine park, which separates the Villa from the road, we passed an iron statue of King Ludwig, and, mounting a few steps, were received by a servant in livery, who ushered us into a splendid library or study, very picturesque and very theatrical. It is characterised by that artistic disorder which is so charming in an artist's abode. Valuable pictures, rare plants, handsome vases (presents), clever drawings, books by the hundred, and photographs by the thousand, all contribute to adorn the place. Seated in elegant easy chairs and on luxurious divans, handsome women are conversing with stylish men. A heavy Turkish carpet covers the floor, and about the walls are hung some historical canvases by celebrated modern artists. In one corner you perceive Laubach's picture of Wagner, Madame Cosima, and Liszt, a masterpiece; in another, you behold the composer's immense writing-desk, now covered with the cards of princes, noblemen, and artists, in most admired disorder. Madame Wagner, dressed in white silk, with a wreath of roses on her head, receives her guests very gracefully, and does all she can to make every one feel comfortable and at his ease. Is she beautiful? To this question it is difficult to return a precise answer. She is, at any rate, eminently fascinating.

The company is thoroughly international. In one part of the room, the Abbate Franz Liszt is talking Hungarian to a group of Magyars; scattered about are various members, male and female, of the aristocracy of Great Britain; French, Austrian, Russian, and

Servian nobles also form an important element in the animated scene which includes, moreover, most of the principal artists engaged in the *Trilogy*. Those of their number not present in the room have gone into the cooler garden, which is bathed in the silver rays of the moon. Among those who have sought the fresh evening breezes outside are Mmes Johanna Wagner, Friedrich-Materna, Lehmann, Lamert, Herren Niemann, Betz, Gura, Wilhelmj, Kunstmacher, and a host of others. Close to a small thicket is a stone with the composer's name inscribed on it. It marks his future resting-place.

Wagner generally comes in late from rehearsal. He is attired in old German costume. He moves about conversing freely with all. He shakes hands with one artist; compliments another; goes to the piano, sings a verse from some ballad, finishing up, as a joke, with a few bars of a waltz by Strauss; or sometimes he will show an organ he received as a present from America, remarking as he exhibits it:

"Einer geschenkten Orgel  
Sieht man nicht in die Gorgel."

About midnight the visitor, with a bow to Mad. Cosima, retires. He walks quietly to Ackermann's Sun Hotel, where he calls for a cooling glass and indulges in a little quiet, dreamy conversation. At two a.m. the streets are completely deserted, save by the watchman and the silent moon.

(From another Source.)

Among the guests who, from inclination or mere curiosity, were to be present at the Musical Festival Play may be mentioned no less than three representatives of the *Paris Figaro*, namely: M. Albert Wolff, M. Guiraud, the composer, and M. Duvernoy, the pianist. The first of these gentlemen relates, in a long article, how this Bayreuth Triumvirate was formed. It was not so much owing to their own wish that they went as in consequence of the intervention of Herr Jauner, the amiable and obliging manager of the Imperial Opera, Vienna. "No one can have any idea," writes Albert Wolff, "how difficult it is to resist an invitation from M. Jauner." To the remark that the acceptance of the tickets for the Festival Performances must not imply any obligation of going through thick and thin for the Composer of the Future, towards whom M. Albert Wolff does not appear too partial, Herr Jauner replied: "I will not insult you by desiring to put any pressure on your critical conscience. However you may write concerning the music, which I myself admire, I shall always remain your most devoted friend." Thereupon the three cards were accepted. They represent a money value of 1,100 francs.

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## THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 17th:—

Organ Sonata—(No. 4, B flat major) ... ..	Mendelssohn.
Romanza—"Sombre forêt," ... ..	Rossini.
Sarabande, Bourrée, and Fugue—(A minor) ... ..	Bach.
Pastorale—"Ranz des Vaches" ... ..	J. Raff.
Passacaglia—(G minor) ... ..	J. G. Herzog.
March—(D major, Op. 40) ... ..	Schubert.

## SATURDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 19th:—

Organ Concerto—(F major) ... ..	Handel.
Andante from the Third Symphony ... ..	Mozart.
March—(E minor) and Allegro con brio (G major) ... ..	W. T. Best.
Andante—(C major), from the Violin Concerto ... ..	Mendelssohn.
Allegretto—(F minor) ... ..	Th. Salomé.
Marche Cortège—(Les Huguenots) ... ..	Meyerbeer.

MAYENCE.—The Austrian Military Band bound for the Philadelpha Exhibition gave a very successful concert on its way through this town.

\* Which playful verses may, in Cockney rhyme, be rendered:—

"As with the mouths of gift horses,  
Don't look gift organs in the fauces."

—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

## BIRTHPLACE OF MOZART.

(From the Special Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph.")

Salzburg, August 1.

The Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg was a potential individual in the olden time. He held his head high among the grandees of the Empire. 200,000 souls owned him for their temporal as well as spiritual chief, and he could, at a pinch—having exchanged the mitre for the helmet—lead 6,000 men into the field. Everywhere in his own dominions he was a very great man indeed, and did mighty things. He built churches enough to make every inhabitant a saint; erected splendid fountains; bored tunnels through rocks, and carved his name at each entrance; looked after the welfare of his people with the birch-rod of paternal discipline in his hand, and permitted nobody to do or say anything opposed to his reverend and orthodox judgment. There were times, it is true, when this embodiment of a united Church and State was not happy. Perverse generations arose with the audacity to think that the Prince-Archbishop was an abatable nuisance, under which impression they did their utmost to get rid of him. But his sacerdotal Highness enjoyed the luck of a personage who could not possibly have been his master, and by some means or other—occasionally by battering the town with cannon—held on to dignity and power, spending, on the whole, a good time in the castle with which, to be as near heaven as possible without quitting earth, he had crowned the highest adjacent hill. From his proud place of Hohensalzburg, the Prince-Archbishop looked down upon the town in a double sense, and might have been forgiven the thought that, under no conceivable circumstances, could a greater man than himself arise within its limits. Imagine the feelings of the reverend and puissant gentleman had some far-seer—say Theophrastus Paracelsus, who died in a house just across the river—found audience for words like these:—"May it please your Highness's grace, the time is approaching when Salzburg will know no Prince-Archbishop, when this your castle will be a barrack, and when from all parts of the world pilgrims will flock to see here the birthplace of the son of a poor musician." The result of such a forecast would, probably, have been the prophet's acquaintance with some of the ingenious mechanical appliances used in Salzburg to supplement the anathemas of the Church. But the gift of second sight may have belonged also to the great man, in which case he would have replied: "Your hero of the future will live in poverty, die young, and be buried in a nameless grave. What has the Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg to fear from his rivalry?" Nevertheless, at this day Salzburg belongs to the son of the poor musician. Mozart is the true Prince of the beautiful little city, and, by comparison, the dignitaries who lived in the castle above are a mere sequence of sounding but empty names. You cannot walk about the streets without constantly recognising the supremacy of the divine master. The people talk of Mozart as though conscious that the thought of him is uppermost in your mind; his spiritual face meets the eye in countless windows; tradesmen carry on their business under the shadow of his name; his melodies ring out from the campaniles of the churches; after him public places are called; and in the very centre of the town his statue stands like that of a king—the effigy of one whom, indeed, kings have, on that same spot, delighted to honour. The Prince-Archbishop is nowhere by comparison. In front of the cathedral one sees a figure, robed and mitred, dirty, time-worn, and with no face to speak of. That represents the present state of the whole line of clerico-secular dignities. The passing years have battered their memorials, and nobody cares a jot about them.

"Mozart's Geburtshaus"—the inscription stares you in the face as you pass through the old archway near the bridge, and advance towards a line of five-storeyed houses forming one side of a narrow street known as the Getreide Gasse. In 1756, the Mozarts—Mozart père being, as everybody knows, Kapellmeister to the Prince-Archbishop—tenanted the third floor of this residence. It is a large dwelling, and at present contains more than one family, unless, indeed, the grocer, to whose trade the ground floor is devoted, makes abundant profit, and has a big establishment. Whether the Kapellmeister rented any other part than the storey over the front windows of which a gilded lyre now shines may be doubted. His family was small; his salary not great; and his disposition inclined rather to the accumulation of money than to

spending it for any purpose that was not strictly essential. We may assume, therefore, that the Mozarts lived exclusively on the third floor, and that in one of the rooms facing the street took place, 120 years ago, the event which gave to the world of music its most perfect artist, and to the lovers of beauty an unfailing source of pleasure. A lowly place was that wherein the wonder-child first saw the light; but there is a dignity about it now such as cannot be associated even with palaces—a dignity so easy of reflection that some of it shines in the face of the grocer, and attracts to him our regards. Surely all the musical inhabitants of Salzburg buy their tea and coffee at "Mozart's Geburtshaus"! Property, we often hear, has its duties. But it has also its rights, and one of them is the right of quiet enjoyment. I have not, therefore, ventured to intrude upon the inhabitants of the third floor. Wishing them joy of so distinguished a residence, it would hardly be consistent to help in worrying them out of it. For the same reason do I respect the threshold of the one-storey dwelling in the Hannibal Platz, on the front of which is writ large "Mozart's Wohnhaus." The elder Mozart must have prospered at Salzburg before he could have ventured to move from the Getreide Gasse to that which is, by comparison, a mansion. It appears that he tenanted no more than a wing; but the building covers a great extent of ground, there being on the upper floor no fewer than eleven windows. Entrance is gained to the place through an archway, and the entire edifice has an antique, substantial, and highly respectable appearance. That it is well cared for a glance suffices to show. Flowers bloom in the windows, the house-front is bright and clean, and a fine old-fashioned air of repose is given to it by the quaint and quiet Platz in which it stands. Here, then, is the home of the great composer—the spot to which, amid many wanderings, his affectionate nature turned with constant delight. It was to this house that the letters came which are now read by the world—letters full of dutiful affection to an exacting father, charged with a million kisses to the mother, or bright with sportive messages to the sister. We can fancy with what joy those epistles were received, for we know how carefully they were preserved; and one likes to imagine even the pedantic Kapellmeister, who meets the postman in going to mass, retracing his steps, at the risk of being late for the "Kyrie," that he might share Wolfgang's news with his family. Beyond this bourgeois residence in the Hannibal Platz and the modest lodging in Vienna, Mozart never rose, so that there is a mighty step from his condition during life to that represented here by the Mozart Platz and the kingly statue which lifts its proud head in the centre. The key to this change is, of course, in everybody's hands, and was impressively suggested to me last Sunday morning, when, passing the open doors of the ornate Italian church which does duty as a cathedral, sounds of solemn music floated out into the open, and a little crowd of idlers, revelling in the shade of the building, listened and looked, as, at the far end of the interior, clouds of incense obscured the lighted altar and half hid the resplendent forms of the priests. The spectacle is common enough to travellers in Catholic lands, but here it had at least one feature of rare significance, for the beautiful music that filled the vast church came from the genius of Mozart. Deeply as the congregation may have felt the influence of the moment, they could hardly estimate the effect upon a stranger, who, familiar with the Mass in B flat from childhood, listened to its "Sanctus" in the building for which the master wrote, and surrounded by memorials of his career. Under no other circumstances could the music have had such power, or have been more fully able to account for the transition from poverty and neglect to the homage of a world.

What so natural as that Salzburg should formally possess many and priceless relics of its illustrious son? These, are the property of an institution which seeks to honour the great composer chiefly by training others to follow the art he adorned. There is reason to believe that the laudable enterprise is not supported to the full extent of its merits, but it has, at least, succeeded in filling one small room with greater interest than belongs to all the neighbouring palaces put together. The Mozarteum cannot yet boast a local habitation of its own, and its relics are to be found in an antique mansion forming part of an obscure by-street. Passing under an archway, the visitor ascends to the first floor, where, if he be keen-sighted enough to observe certain faint directions, he may at length find himself in an apartment strongly suggestive of a Soho curiosity shop. On my entrance the sole occupant was a little man, who sprang briskly up with a

hurried salutation, rushed to a harpsichord, seated himself, and saying, "This is Mozart's concert instrument," began to play "La ci darem." I don't know whether the little man desired to impress me by a sort of *tour de force*, but it soon appeared that he gave everybody an exactly similar reception. On each visitor's arrival he would dart to the harpsichord and plunge into the familiar duet, afterwards going through his round of description with unabated enthusiasm for the subject, laughing as heartily at things and events as though they were perfectly fresh and new. He had much to show besides the quaint harpsichord with its feeble tinkle. Mozart's spinet stands close at hand—a feeble machine still, and one adapted to please Othello, as making "music which may not be heard." Hanging on the walls are original portraits of the Mozart family, from the composer's grandmother down to his sons, including Constance Weber and her second husband, Von Nissen. Beneath one small likeness of the great man himself is placed a lock of his hair—very dark brown—and near it is a drawing of his ear, showing an abnormally large "bell," as though nature intended him to be a gifted listener. An *affiche* of the first performance of *Die Zauberflöte* is also exhibited, together with a little song (MS.), the words as well as the music of which were written by Mozart—his only appearance in a double capacity. Among other treasures are piles of original letters, numerous MS. compositions, Mozart's album, his ring, watch appendages, snuff-box, and pocket-book—a somewhat dandy article, containing—one is surprised to find—a label marked "Genuine Court Plaster, London." Was then court plaster among the exports of the British metropolis, or did Mozart purchase the article during his visit to England as a boy? Furthermore, what did he do with it? Could he not handle his razor deftly? or had he a taste for "beauty-spots"? Anyhow there are the dandy pocket-book, the London court plaster, the ring, the watch ornament—a ponderous affair—and the really handsome snuff-box; equipped with which, and perhaps a "clouded cane," our Mozart must have made a respectable figure even outside the realms of genius. On the whole, and considering the difficulty of obtaining such relics of greatness, the Mozartium has so far done well. As years jog on, it may do better, and accumulate under one roof every important thing deriving its interest from personal association with the illustrious composer.

I did not intend making any reference in this letter to the aspect of the town and neighbourhood, but it deserves to be pointed out how the scenes amid which Mozart spent his youthful years must have had no small influence in stimulating that sense of the beautiful which his works so perfectly display. Here he saw beauty all around—a wonderful combination of mountain and valley, hill and plain, rushing river and quiet lake, hoary castle and ornate church, quaint streets and blooming gardens, sombre woods and smiling meadows. Nothing was wanting to the splendour and loveliness of the pictures upon which his young eyes rested, we would fain believe, with constant pleasure. Mozart is gone—if, indeed, that may be said of him—but the pictures remain; and it is right that scenes so exquisite should be for ever associated with the memory of one who was a master of beauty.

#### VICARS, ORGANISTS, AND CHOIRS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Having lately undertaken the duties of organist and choir-master of a suburban church, I am impeded in the onset by an obnoxious set of choir rules. Rule II. sets forth that candidates must satisfy the choirmaster as to their singing powers and the vicar as to their character, and, after a month's probation, be balloted for by the choir. In other words, if the candidate be a gentleman of undoubted musical ability and moral worth, the choir can stultify the judgment of vicar and organist; and a case has just occurred where this *has* been done by them.

I shall be glad to know, through the medium of your valuable paper, if you have ever heard of a precedent for such a rule.—Yours obediently,

CHOIRMASTER.

DIEPPE.—Mad. Patti has been stopping here. On her arrival, she found her house decorated with flowers, and, in the evening, was welcomed by a serenade. The inhabitants have not forgotten the concert given by her last year for the poor.—*La petite Mariée*, with Mlle Jeanne Granier as the heroine, has proved attractive at the Casino.

#### MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Melbourne, May 16th.

Times are dull in the musical world of Victoria. The departure of Mdme Ilma di Murska and her company for New Zealand, where they are now performing, has left a blank which our own local vocalists and musicians cannot fill up. Really good concerts have been rare in Melbourne during the last couple of months. On Easter Monday Mr Wm. Perraton gave a most successful ballad concert in the Athenæum Hall, a species of entertainment which would "take" well here, and which Melbourne can supply good material to support. The principal vocalists were Mrs Perraton; Mr Edward Farley, a splendid baritone, late of Lyster's Opera Company; Mr Beaumont Read, a wonderful alto, well known, I believe, in Liverpool; and Mr Perraton, a successful teacher of music in this city.

The organistship of St Francis Roman Catholic Church, the centre of ecclesiastical music in this colony, has become vacant by the resignation of Mr John Hill, a well-known and accomplished organist and violinist, who is performing with Mlle di Murska in New Zealand. He has been succeeded by Mr F. L. King.

The Simonsen Opera Company is still travelling in the colonies, but has not yet made its appearance in Victoria.

The building of a new organ for the magnificent Roman Catholic Cathedral of St Patrick, in Melbourne, has been entrusted to Mr R. Mackenzie, who was sent out to Victoria by Messrs Hill & Co., of London, to erect the grand organ in the Town Hall of this city. Hitherto the organist, Mr C. A. Tracy, a musician of great ability, has had to contend against a great disadvantage in the matter of an instrument.

The will of the late Mr Alfred Anderson, R.A.M., husband of Mdme Ilma di Murska, has caused considerable comment in the colony. Mr Anderson left all his property, most of which was acquired through his wife, to his mother. Perhaps he left it where it was most welcome.

Melbourne, June 12.

But very recently I communicated to you the bereavement of Mlle di Murska, in the death of her husband, Mr Alfred Anderson, after a couple of months' experience of married life. A maid, wife, and widow in two months! Within the last month Mrs Anderson has again entered the married state in New Zealand, the new bridegroom, according to the local newspapers, being Mr John Hill, an organist, pianist, and violinist, well known in Melbourne, who has been performing at the concerts given by Mlle di Murska in this hemisphere. The newspapers report that the great *cantatrice* walked with her proposed husband to a registrar's office, where the marriage ceremony was performed without "any pomp or circumstance." A local "Marriage Reform Association" presented Mademoiselle with an address, signed by the "chairwoman" and the secretary—the latter, also, a lady—acknowledging the fearless example which she had set in disregarding the show and pageant to which so many brides and bridegrooms attach such essential importance.

After an absence of a couple of months in Sydney, Mr Lyster's English Opera and Opera-Bouffe Company, with Miss Emily Melville as *prima donna*, has returned to Melbourne. The *répertoire* included *The Bohemian Girl*, *La Pêchiche*, *La Fille de Madame Angot*, *The Lily of Killarney*, *Giroflé-Girofla*, *The Grand Duchess*, &c. On the 14th inst. Offenbach's *Belle Hélène* is to be produced for the first time in this city.

To-morrow night the Melbourne Philharmonic Society perform the oratorio of *St Paul* at the Town Hall. J. T. L. F.

#### VICARS AND ORGANISTS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I am organist to a church with a Peel district assigned to it out of two neighbouring parishes. The vicar claims to have a key (or, to use his own words, "as many keys as he likes") to the organ. I contend that he has no right to a key, as the organ is in my charge during my term of office, and I cannot be responsible for it if the vicar and his friends have access to it. Any extra emolument from playing at weddings, giving lessons, &c., is also jeopardised. Will you, through the medium of your valuable paper, kindly inform me if this conduct is not very unusual, and if not entirely without precedent?—Yours obediently,

ORGANIST.

## ANGELICA CATALANI.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY W. LACKOWITZ.\*

A magnificent Sunday morning of the year 1792 had risen over the city and environs of Rome. Hundreds of persons, arrayed in festive garments, and coming from all directions, traversed the fragrant and blossom-laden wood, in the midst of which lay the small town of Gubbio, apparently their common goal. Nature, too, had put on her festive garb. The oranges and pomegranates gave forth a sweeter perfume than usual; and the sky stretched out, so clear, so darkly-blue, and, so to speak, in such visibly limitless immensity, as to be rare even in Italy. With scarcely an exception, however, no one in the crowd paid any attention to the holiday aspect of Nature. Most of them hurried eagerly forward; very rarely even would an olive-complexioned beauty stop to pluck and stick in her blue-black hair a pomegranate blossom too enticing to be resisted; very rarely would anyone stop, and, from the eminence on which he stood, cast through an opening in the trees, a retrospective glance upon the magically illuminated towers of the Eternal City in the background. And, when suddenly the sound of an harmonious peal of bells trembled over the fragrant and blossom-laden wood, all the pedestrians visibly quickened their pace. The invitation pealed forth by the bells came from the graceful little towers of the nunnery of St Lucia of Gubbio, and, despite the haste which all had displayed to reach the common goal, an impression of aught but agreeable surprise was depicted on the countenances of many. The fact is they found the spacious edifice already crammed with devotees. They had, therefore, to be contented with camping outside, and catching as much of the proceedings within as could find its way to them through the open doors.

What was it which attracted hundreds from far and near to the pile of St Lucia at Gubbio? Was the holy female a worker of miracles? She could hardly be that, for nowhere were sick and crippled persons visible, who had come to offer up wax-tapers and other symbolical gifts. Or did the nuns of Lucia enjoy the reputation of such unexampled piety that the crowd could hope to obtain a special blessing through their intercession, and felt justified in believing that from the mere superabundance of piety on the part of the nuns they themselves might confidently reckon upon a place in the kingdom of heaven? Nothing of all this was the case—it was by means of music that the pious sisters of St Lucia had long exercised their especial powers of attraction. On Sundays, from their lofty choir there poured down the magnificent harmonies of the old Italian composers, harmonies calculated, as naught else in the world, to incline the heart to worship, and so admirably rendered, that in the opinion of competent judges they were to be heard in such perfection nowhere else, no, not in Rome itself. But a better guarantee even than this for the excellence of the music was the reputation which the nunnery of St Lucia had gained in all the surrounding districts. For what care the crowd about the opinion of competent judges? Hundreds came, and were edified. Bending down devoutly their heads while listening to the sacred strains, many an anxious and oppressed heart felt, for the moment at least, raised above the sorrows and cares of life. The Lady Superior was very particular about maintaining the reputation of the nunnery, and nothing could equal the zeal displayed by the good sisters in the performance of the sacred melodies. Whether this was holy zeal for art or zeal for the sacred character of the place, or whether the liberal donations of the edified and enraptured hearers acted as a continued stimulus, is something into which we will not inquire.

Yet, on the Sunday mentioned at the outset, this was not all which attracted the crowd in such exceptionally large numbers to the nunnery of St Lucia. On the contrary, it was a miracle, an indescribably great miracle, which for some Sundays past had been performed in the church there. Like lightning had the news spread throughout all the surrounding districts that, among the singers, there had appeared a child, small and weak, but gifted by God with a marvellous voice, such as had never been heard before. It was this miracle which made the nunnery of St Lucia the goal of a general pilgrimage immediately the peal of bells trembled, on the Sunday morning, over the fragrant and blossom-laden wood. What was related about the marvellous child seemed scarcely credible, but one person after another convinced himself of the

truth of what he had heard. The child's wondrously sweet voice produced in the *Agnus Dei* an effect of such melting and touching simplicity that even the heart of the most stubborn worldling began to soften. On the other hand, tones of such volume and power would issue from the child's chest that they were distinctly audible above the whole choir of nuns. On such occasions the powerful voice was like a resounding bell. For very many people the whole thing was incomprehensible, and not effected by lawful means. Greater and greater became the crowd which flocked on Sundays to early mass, for the purpose of hearing the *maravigliosa Angelica*, and of seeing the puny little prodigy, with her large fiery eyes, standing bodily before the pious sisters. Everyone wished to be convinced she was a real child and no devilish hobgoblin, or, mayhap, artificial figure, made to sing by clock-work. But to do this it was requisite not merely to hear and see, but also to touch with one's hands the girlish prodigy, if only in kissing the hem of her dress. With hot-blooded Italians, such a course could not fail, despite their great awe of sacred places, to give rise to stormy and even tumultuous scenes. The Lady Superior thought she could best put a stop to anything of the sort by not allowing the child to sing any more—but, alas! this was only pouring oil upon the flames, and at length a peremptory edict on the part of the bishop was actually needed to prevent a down-right disturbance within the sacred precincts of the church.

But what of the child? Her name was Angelica. She was the daughter of poor parents, her father being a small goldsmith in the little town of Sinigaglia. The parents had thought that the best way to provide for the child would be to send her to a convent where they should subsequently see her attired as a nun—such they considered the best and cheapest way of providing for her. But in the stars it was otherwise writ. The child's wondrous talent and the phenomenal voice in her tender body procured her friends among competent judges, who could not look on indifferently, and see such a pearl buried within the gloomy walls of a convent. It is not impossible that the bishop himself had his share in removing the infant prodigy from the nunnery of St Lucia, and thus obtaining the upperhand over the excitement, which, despite all his peremptory edicts, continued to increase more and more among the pious and miracle-loving crowd.

One day there appeared in the streets of Sinigaglia an aristocratic dark-eyed lady followed by a servant. This of itself was such an unusual occurrence for the little town that the news ran like lightning from house to house and from alley to alley. The Lady inquired graciously for the dwelling of the goldsmith, Catalani, and a dozen persons were instantly ready to act as guides to the Princess—for such, at least, the fair stranger was supposed to be. The lady smilingly checked the impetuosity of the crowd, but she could not prevent more than one of them from leaving everything in the lurch in order to see with their own eyes what would come of this marvellous event. Still less could she prevent the intelligence of her arrival from being carried on winged feet before her; and surely enough there was Master Catalani waiting bareheaded in the doorway of his small tenement for the strange Princess, whom he greeted with numberless bows. What on earth could the Princess want with Master Catalani? That was the grand question discussed in all its bearings by compact groups before all the street-doors around. It was impossible she could desire to purchase jewellery, for everyone was acquainted with Catalani's circumstances, which were very humble; everyone knew he had no stock-in-trade of his own, but worked for a goldsmith in Rome. The amiable curiosity of the inhabitants was subjected to a hard ordeal, for the strange Lady remained engaged in conversation an extremely long time. "Turn it over in your mind, Master. In three days I will myself come for your answer." So was she heard to say in the doorway, just as she stepped out into the narrow street. Then, extending in a friendly manner, her hand to Master Catalani, who only ventured to touch it respectfully with the tips of his fingers, the Princess slowly took her departure the way she had come. Near the old ruined town-gate she was seen to get into a lumbering travelling carriage, which had been waiting for her, and in which she now drove off towards Rome.

Only a few persons, however, followed her to this point. The majority very naturally remained behind, in order, directly she was out of sight, to besiege the goldsmith with questions. Master Catalani's face wore an anxious, nay, even scared expression,

\* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

while that of his worthy helpmate was actually bathed in tears. The Master, however, refused to give any information, even to his friends and gossips. All their solicitations and importunities were fruitless. Yet the very next morning all Sinigaglia knew the eventful news. Dame Catalani had been unable to keep to herself a secret, which redounded as much to her honour as it caused her pain. Under the seal of the strictest secrecy, of course, she had imparted it to her female relatives, so as to learn their advice in her great distress, and thus it came to pass that the very next morning all Sinigaglia knew that the strange Princess was a celebrated singer, who had retired from the stage, and was now reposing somewhere as a rich lady on the laurels she had gathered during her triumphal progresses. She wanted nothing less than little Angelica. With an eloquent tongue she had represented to the parents that the wish to keep such wonderful talent buried behind the walls of a convent was a sin against God and man. With flashing eyes she had told them of her triumphs all over Europe, and predicted even much greater triumphs for little Angelica. If, she said, they would hand Angelica over to her, she would provide everything, and give every guarantee for the child's future. Three days of the profoundest anxiety were the result of the Lady's visit to the poor goldsmith's little house. The immense advantage to be gained was at once evident to the Father as a business-man, but the Mother could not abandon the pious thought of seeing her child the bride of Heaven, and of feeling more secure of her own salvation through the child's intercession. A stage princess! Was that not an accursed calling, a sin against God and the Holy Virgin? So many of her relatives and friends supported her, of course, in this view of the matter, that, in her sad tribulation, she ran off to the convent of St Lucia, and had a long interview with the Lady Superior. When the strange Princess re-appeared punctually at the expiration of three days, she received a negative answer. The anxious mother gave a thousand reasons. Among them the weighty words of the Lady Superior slipped in—whereupon the expression of bitter disappointment vanished from the Lady's face; she smiled almost imperceptibly, gave the parents three more days for reflection, and departed as she had come.

That she forthwith had an interview with his Eminence is a circumstance which no one knew; but no later than the next day a Capuchin monk entered Master Catalani's little house, appealed forcibly to the Mother's conscience, then proceeded to the convent, and when, at the end of another three days, the strange Lady again appeared, little Angelica was at home, and glanced up timidly with her large eyes at the majestic form of the fair visitor, who, with the most amiable and winning smile, stretched out both hands towards her. "Will you come with me, and be a great singer, or remain for ever in a convent?" The small frail form was suddenly filled with life. Without taking long to consider, the child answered in accordance with her innate genius. After a short though tearful farewell, Angelica drove off with the Princess. But her Mother had the consolation of being able to see her as often as she wished to do so.

(To be continued.)

#### MAD. CHRISTINE NILSSON AT HOME.

As might have been expected, Mad. Nilsson is revolutionizing Sweden. Excursion trains run from all parts of the country to the different towns where she is announced to sing. At Stockholm it was impossible to find a concert-room large enough to accommodate the crowds that flocked to hear her, so the Cathedral had to be flung open for them. The programme comprised Gounod's "Ave, Maria," and Faure's "Crucifix," in the way of sacred music. The air from *La Traviata* and Swedish Songs constituted the mundane portion. Mad. Nilsson is assisted by Blum-Dorni as tenor, Behrens as bass, and Van Biesse, a Dutch artist, as violoncellist. At the especial request of the King of Sweden, Mad. Nilsson will sing the part of Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust* at the Theatre Royal, Stockholm. Her original intention was to sing only at concerts.—*Le Ménestrel*.

WEIMAR.—It has been proposed to get up a festival here, under the direction of the Abbate Franz Liszt, in honour of Hector Berlioz.

#### MDLLE FANNY PELLETAN.

It is with regret that we have to announce the death of this lady, to whom we owe the splendid critical edition—unfortunately not completed—of Gluck's French operas. To carry out the grand and difficult task she had undertaken, Mdlle Pelletan obtained, as our readers will remember, the assistance of Berthold Damcke, an eminent musician, as well as a man of rare taste and vast erudition. Eighteen months since she lost this valuable colleague; but, being herself an excellent musician, trained by Damcke in the arduous art of criticism, and profiting by the numerous notes left by the deceased on Gluck's productions as a whole, she courageously resolved to continue alone the work they had begun together. After the two *Iphigénie*, published during Damcke's life, she was about to produce the third volume, containing *Alceste*, when death unexpectedly carried her off, at the age of forty-six. She was one whose heart was as noble as her intellect was remarkable. *Alceste* will appear, but who will finish the whole series, undertaken with such devotion and disinterestedness? Who will add *Orphée* and *Armide* to the three other scores? We cannot say whether Mdlle Pelletan has confided to any one else the task of completing an enterprise to which she consecrated her life, and on which she expended her fortune. It is much to be hoped she has, for a monument like that which she so efficaciously assisted partly to raise cannot be allowed to remain in an unfinished state.—*Le Ménestrel*.

#### MUSIC IN BERLIN.

The Royal Operahouse will probably be re-opened on the 1st September with *Tannhäuser*. The characters of the hero and of Wolfram will be sustained respectively by Herr Müller and Herr Beck, both recent additions to the company. The novelties of the season will be *Die Folkunger*, by Herr Kretschmar, and *Der Widerspänstiger Zähmung*, by Herr Götz. With regard to the latter opera, the title does not, to my mind, properly render the original English title, *The Taming of the Shrew*. *Ein widerspänstiges Weib* means a perverse, stubborn, pig-headed woman, but does not to my mind at least, convey the notion of a shrew. *Widerbellerin* or *Zänkerin* would have been nearer the mark, I fancy.

A three-act buffo-opera by Herr Serpette was produced some little time since at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches-Theater, but did not long keep its place in the bills. It was entitled *Schloss Pictordu*. The libretto, originally written in French by MM. Saint-Albin and Mortier, was translated into German by Herr Dohm. Despite the eagerness with which, in this dull season, a newspaper correspondent naturally clutches at an item of intelligence, as a drowning man clutches at a straw, I should not have devoted so many lines to a production which is dead and gone, were it not that Herr Serpette is a disciple and imitator of Offenbach, and that the non-success of his work may be taken as slightly indicating a change for the better in public taste. It is true that the *Urlaub nach Zapfenstreich*, by Offenbach himself, is being performed at Kroll's Theater, and drawing good houses; but then that is one of Offenbach's best, and contains some exceedingly brisk and sparkling music, very different from the dull, spiritless strains offered us in *Schloss Pictordu*.

A company, under the direction of Herr Waldmann, have been giving a series of performances in *Plat Deutsch*, or Low German, at the Wallner-Theater. They play slight pieces interspersed with songs, one of them being *Die Ulanenbraut*, of which Herr Waldmann himself wrote the words, composed the music, and sustained the leading character.

TIFLIS.—In place of the theatre lately destroyed by fire, a new one is being erected at a cost of about 1,400,000 francs.

COPENHAGEN.—The Viennese Ladies' Orchestra, under the direction of Mad. Josephine Weinlich, have recently been giving some highly successful concerts at the Boulevard Rooms. The ordinary prices of admission to the latter were trebled and sometimes even quadrupled.—The Student Singers from Upsala were announced to sing several times at the Tivoli, on their return from England, France, and Germany.—The Theatre Royal will re-open on the 1st September with Mozart's *Don Juan*.—Robert Watt, an author, has become manager of the Folketheater.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GEORGE TOLHURST.—Press of matter prevents the insertion of your letter in our number of this week.

## NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1876.

## THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.

[BY TELEGRAM.]

(From our own Correspondent.)

Bayreuth, Aug. 13.

The first performance of *Rheingold* has just taken place in presence of the German Emperor, the Emperor of Brazil, and other illustrious personages. The theatre was crowded. At the end of the opera the applause was uproarious, and the calls for Wagner were unanimous and prolonged. The composer, however, did not come forward to respond to the enthusiasm of his admirers.

Aug. 14.

The performance of the *Walküre* began at four o'clock this afternoon. The theatre was crowded. The Emperor of Germany, the Grand Duke of Weimar, and other princes occupied the royal box. The Emperor of Germany inspected the stage before leaving the theatre.

Aug. 15.

The performance of *Siegfried*, announced for to-day, has been postponed, in consequence of the illness of Herr Betz.

Aug. 16.

*Siegfried* was given to-day. The performance lasted (with two intervals of an hour each) five hours and a-half. Count Andrassy was present in the royal box.

Aug. 17.

After the *Götterdämmerung* to-night, which brought the first series of performances to a close, Herr Wagner, in obedience to a general call, came forward and spoke somewhat to the following effect:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—The words of thanks I have to give will be addressed to a friendly circle. We have now shown what we can do, and that we have an art. It is for you to show that you desire an art. The credit of the success is due entirely to the artists."

AT a moment when the National-Festival-Stage-Play-Performances at Bayreuth are attracting the attention of all artistic Europe—including America, to be guilty of an Irish figure of speech—when Emperors, and Kings, and Grand-Dukes, and a host of smaller potentates, reigning or mediatised, tenant the *Fürsten-Loge* of the Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre; when the principal musical critics in the world have been expressly despatched to chronicle their opinions anent the latest grand contribution to the Music of the Future, and when the two French papers most fiercely opposed to each other on most topics, the *Droits de l'Homme* and the *Figaro*, exhibit the most affectionate unanimity in declaring that Richard Wagner is a genius of the sublimest type, it may not be uninteresting to read what the well-known critic, M. Paul de Saint-Victor said fifteen years ago, when Wagner, who, democrat though he be, appears to have a happy knack of gaining the good graces of crowned heads, prevailed on Napoleon III. to order

the production of *Tannhäuser* at the Grand-Opéra. Here is what M. de Saint-Victor said:—

"The ordeal has been gone through; it was solemn, and will prove decisive. *Tannhäuser* has passed over the stage, and the Music of the Future no longer exists. Of a truth, France never showed her musical eclecticism better than when she accorded her grandiose hospitality to Herr Wagner. Fancy an Indian deity with seven arms and three heads, in a Grecian temple, and you will have a notion of Herr Wagner's fantastic opera installed in the theatre of Rossini and Auber. It is to be hoped our cruel experience may now teach us to be suspicious of puffed-up reputations, of apocryphal styles, of fictitious fanaticism, of Messiahs who date the commencement of art from the year of their own Hegira. If it does, the Opera will not have paid too dearly for putting on the stage the fable of the '*Bâtons flottants*.' Herr Wagner's mystic drama is not so much an operatic libretto as the subject for a symphony or an oratorio. The legendary figures so naively depicted by ancient ballads appear adapted rather to float in the rays of a painted window than to sing and move upon the stage. The question, however, does not turn upon this, but on the score. We will not beat about the bush in expressing our opinion of the latter; with the exception of the overture and the march in the second act, it is simply musical chaos. The different sounds clash against one another, are agglomerated, heaped up, and confounded, like immense clouds in a pale, dull sky. At one moment we have opaque and ponderous obscurity, which is called, no doubt, by Herr Wagner, *endless melody*, and which crushes the most robust attention; then we are treated to a discordant hubbub, which, at the best, only succeeds in simulating the turmoil of physical tempests. The voices and the orchestra, the wind and the waves, strive to outdo each other. If, by accident, a ray of light pierces the darkness, if the spectre of a melodic idea is vaguely visible on the greyish background, the musician unchains his orchestra, after the fashion of Æolus letting loose the winds, and is not contented until the cloudy mass has overwhelmed and effaced everything. Herr Wagner purposely forbids himself rhythm, melody, and clearness, qualities which the musicians of all ages have sought to attain as the very essence of their art. His music, like that of the Corybantes, who surrounded the caves in which the festivals of Cybele were celebrated, appears simply to aim at frightening and driving away the Profane. 'He has eaten drum and drunk cymbal,' said the Hierophants, to describe the Initiated who had gone through the terrible ordeal. 'If I understand what I eat, I will discharge you,' observed an epicure to his man-cook. In one word, such is Herr Wagner's music. Before revealing its secrets, it subjects the mind to tortures which algebra alone is entitled to inflict. Its ideal is the Unintelligible.

"Let not the mystogogists of German art pretend that German music by its profundity escapes the French mind. Weber's genius reigns in Paris as well as in Dresden; we follow it, without losing our way, through the enchanted forests of *Der Fieschütz* and *Preciosa*. Beethoven's Symphonies are religiously performed at the Conservatory. I say nothing of Meyerbeer, who has filled the Opera for years. The French mind, accused of being so frivolous, distinguishes the Beautiful under the most unaccustomed forms, enthusiastically assimilating, as soon as it has comprehended, it. What the French mind does not admit, and what it cannot admit, without denying itself, is diffuseness laid down as a rule, incoherence elevated into a dogma, and obscurity substituted for profundity; in a word, mystic art expiring proudly of inanition in the midst of a void. The feeling of a void is that which predominates when we penetrate into the score of *Tannhäuser*.

"The confused throng of sounds dashing against and neutralizing each other; the motives blotted out and expunged the moment they express the most feeble rhythm; the tortures inflicted by the orchestra on the voices it supports, just as the gridiron sustains the victim writhing upon it; the strongly emphasised contrasts of general simplicity and harmonic hieroglyphics—all these elements leave behind them no idea, no sentiment; not the ghost of a reverie, nor the reflection of an image. The enormous mass of instrumentation strikes the ear without reaching the heart. 'Strike, but speak,' we are inclined to exclaim, but the crushing melopœia falls and refalls with the brutal energy of the hammer on the anvil; an articulate tongue seems to have been denied it.

"To give an account of M. Wagner's score is like analyzing a liquid. How is it possible to mark the outlines of the shapeless masses which are blended and amalgamated in one dull whole? We are reminded of the cloud which Hamlet shows Polonius, as it is moving along before the castle-window at Elsinore. 'It is a camel,' says the Prince. 'It is a weasel,' says the Chamberlain. And both are right. The overture to *Tannhäuser* contains, however, two distinct parts. One is very fine; this is the religious hymn termi-

nating the overture. The other is a fearful hullabaloo, pitched very high, and in which the violins seem afflicted with delirium tremens. It is the sort of accompaniment we should fancy for St Vitus's dance!"

As we have already intimated, the above was written fifteen years ago, and the Music of the Future is less than ever the Music of the Past. However talented M. de Saint-Victor may be as a critic, he cannot claim to rank high as a prophet.

N. V. N.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

HERR ZUMBUSCH, the sculptor, has just completed, for his Majesty the King of Bavaria, marble statues of six of Wagner's heroes. They represent Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, the Flying Dutchman, Walter von Stolzing, Siegfried, and Tristan.

AN Italian, Sig. Cagnoni, the composer of *Don Bucefalo* and other buffo-operas; a Frenchman, M. Ambroise Thomas; and a German, Herr Götz, the composer of *Der Widerspänstiger Zähmung*, are each writing an opera upon the same subject, *Francesca da Rimini*.

FROM recent statistical returns we learn that 150,000 francs were expended at the Grand-Opéra, Paris, on the production of *La Juive* (1835); 96,000 on that of *La Reine de Chypre* (1841), and as much on that of *Charles VI.* (1843); 135,000 on that of *Le Juif Errant* (1852), and as much on that of *Pierre di Medici* (1860); 260,000 francs on that of *L'Africaine* (1865); and 101,000 on that of *Jeanne d'Arc* (1876).

IN a certain Italian cemetery there is a tombstone, the *Trovatore* informs us, with the following inscription:—

HERE LIES  
A LITTLE ANGEL,  
SON OF \*\*\* AND \*\*\*, HIS WIFE.  
HE CAME INTO THE WORLD  
ON THE DAY OF HIS DEATH.

"Ah!" exclaimed a passer-by, who happened to read the above words: "Poor little cherub! How shocking! Had he been born only a day later, he would not have been lying here!"

JEAN RALPH writes as follows, in the *Charivari* of the 3rd inst., on "Wagnerolatry":—

"Because Richard Wagner has succeeded as a charlatan by means of a grand orchestra, people are rushing headlong off to Germany to see this high priest of lyrical craziness perform his pontifical and *biedtral* (Anglice: 'Colney-Hatchy') service. For a little more, some of them would go down on their knees. Some, again, there are who would like to bring back as a relic a piece of the handkerchief wherewith he wiped his august forehead, the only one not entitled to perspire when his music is played. This idolatry strikes one as monstrous. I cry out: Enough."

#### MUSIC, &c., AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Despite the attractions offered to his patrons in the shape of "grand" operas, *La Fille du Régiment*, *Les Dragons de Villars*, *La Favorite*, *Hamlet*, and *Les Huguenots*, M. Froment has found out "that opera bouffe" is what is chiefly required to bring visitors at this time of year, *en masse*, to the Theatre. This is by no means approved of by the wisemen, local patrons, and Conseil Municipal who, vegetating here all their lives, cater only of what they themselves prepare, and think, if they command grand operas for three months, that they please everyone, or that everyone ought to be pleased. Congratulating the director on his success with his "grand" operas (especially that of *Hamlet* on Saturday last, in which Louvier, as the hero, was superb, and Mdlle de Joly as Ophélie, exquisite), I must tell you that the revival of *Giroflé-Girofla* has crammed the house, and the audience welcomed back to the "Salle Monsigny," a favourite of last year, Mdlle Diany, who played with as much spirit as formerly. A Mdlle Norman, from the Theatre at Nice, has been engaged, and will appear on Saturday next in the inimitable and irrepressible *Fille de Madame Angot*, to be followed next week by *Le Petit Faust* and other operas bouffes.

That everybody does not appreciate "grand operas" may be told in the following: (*a fact*)—A lady and gentleman staying at one of the largest hotels here, went to a performance of *Les Huguenots*, and returned to tell their friends at the *table d'hôte* that it was not at all what they had anticipated. The truth was that although Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre* had been duly announced and placarded about the town, *Les Dragons de Villars* was played in its stead, on account of the sudden indisposition of M. Robert, the "fort" tenor, at the last moment.

The circus that was opened on Saturday evening the 5th, and will remain here a month, is a great success. The stud is the best I have seen for a long time, while the performances are likewise first rate, especially that of M. Artizelli on the slack wire, and the gymnastics of "les 3 Frères"—Depersano, Primi, and Pierantoni. The directors deserve the success they have met with, and will continue to meet with during their stay in the "*Queen of French watering places*." The dust, din, and glare of the gas light at the Fair continue to draw thousands every evening. The shops are more numerous this year than formerly, so that two streets of booths have been erected—in fact it is quite a little town. Gas is laid on regardless of expense, though the gas company has an office there to see that all goes right. The postman, dustman, and police go their daily rounds at stated times; while, to make things altogether pleasant, the inhabitants pay rent and taxes, and, looking pleasant all the while, try to get as much out of their visitors as they can. In "The Place," or grand square, at the entrance, there are two theatres—one devoted to conjuring, and the other to what may be seen in "*l'autre monde*," presided over by a gentleman, who, as a genteel "got up" Mephisto, accompanies on the pianoforte roundabouts, fortune-tellers, &c.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, August 16, 1876.

X. T. R.

#### PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The Messrs Gatti gave their first "classical night" last week, when the *pièce de résistance* was Beethoven's Symphony in C minor (the complete work). Weber's overture to *Preciosa* and a "chaconne" from a pianoforte suite by J. S. Bach were the other instrumental works. The vocal contributions were the duet, "*La ci darem la mano*" (Mdlle Fernandez-Bentham and Signor Medica); Weber's *cavatina* from *Der Freischütz* (Mdlle Bianchi); and Mozart's *aria* from *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Mdlle Fernandez-Bentham). The excellence of Signor Arditi's orchestra was put to the test and "proven" by capital performances both of the symphony and the overture, and the popularity of the vocalists by the genuine applause accorded to Mdlle Bentham and Signor Medica, and the unanimous "encore" bestowed on Mdlle Bianchi after Weber's *cavatina*, which the charming young artist sang in German. The performance, by M. Henri Ketten, of Bach's *chaconne* elicited quite an ovation, and the "French Rubinstein" was vociferously called upon to play it again. M. Ketten has shown himself as excellent an interpreter of the "classical" as he is of the modern school of pianoforte music.

Last Wednesday a "Wagner night" was appropriately given—we say appropriately, because the excitement caused by the performance of Wagner's operas at Bayreuth is now at its height. The overture to the *Meistersinger*, Liszt's transcription of the "Spinning Wheel" song, from the *Flying Dutchman* (wonderfully played by M. Ketten), and Signor Arditi's brilliant arrangement for orchestra and military band of selections from *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* were the instrumental pieces. During the week the miscellaneous programmes have been judiciously chosen; Signor Arditi's new valse, "*Les Belles Viennoises*," forming the stock instrumental piece, and "*The Page's Song*," by the same composer (charmingly sung by Mdlle Bianchi), the stock vocal piece, each evening.

PAU.—An Italian operatic company will give a series of performances here from the 25th October to the 25th February. The manager will receive a grant of 24,000 francs from the Corporation.

ST PETERSBURG.—Annexed is a list of the Italian Opera company for the approaching season: Signore Patti, Luca, Donadio, D'Angeri, Mauduit, Heilbron, Smeroski, Grabova, Cristofani, Rossetti, Cary, Ghindele, Corsi, Anniska; Signori Nicolini, Marini, Masini, Achille Corsi, Lhérie, Oliva-Pavani, Ignio Corsi, Sabater, Cotogni, Padilla, Strozzi, Mendioroz, Bagagiolo, Jamet, Bossi, Capponi, and Ciampi. There will be three conductors: Signori Bervignani, Goula, and Dami.

## RAMEAU.\*

(Continued from page 552.)

But all the time that, for various reasons, he was attracting public attention, all the time he was rendering himself prominent as a theoretician, a harpsichordist, an organist, and a composer for the concert-room, Rameau was haunted by one fixed idea: that of writing for the stage. He communicated his wish to Piron, a native of Dijon like himself, and Piron, to help him in getting used to the work, commissioned him to compose the music for several short pieces, to be interspersed with singing and dancing, and produced at the Opéra-Comique. Among these pieces are cited *L'Endriague*, performed the 3rd February, 1723, and *L'Enrôlement d'Arlequin*, played in the month of February, 1726. As the reader may suppose, essays like these on the part of such an artist were simply equivalent to his feeling his way. Unfortunately, it appears that the very noise made by his theoretical ideas estranged from him the dramatic authors, who thought that such a display of science could be made only at the expense of the imagination. At any rate, it is very certain that the authors of the day, the Roys, the Danchets, and the Lafonts, turned a deaf ear to his solicitations, and, for the reason assigned, absolutely refused to trust him with a book. The same was the case with Houdard de Lamotte, whom he had caused to be sounded upon the subject and who did not seem better disposed than his fellows. Rameau then wrote the Academician the interesting letter here appended, a letter entirely unknown at the present day, though published during the last century several times.†

"Paris, the 25th October, 1727.

"Whatever reasons you may have, sir, for not expecting my theatrical music to achieve so great a success as that of an author apparently more experienced in this kind of composition, allow me to combat them, and, at the same time, to justify my good opinion of myself, without pretending to derive from my science any advantages but those which you, as well as I, will feel are legitimate.

"A person speaking of a musical savant, generally means by the expression a man who allows nothing to escape him in the different combinations of notes, such a man, however, being supposed so absorbed in these combinations as to sacrifice to them everything: good sense, intelligence, and sentiment. Now, a musician of this sort is merely a musician of the schools, in which the attention is wholly engrossed by notes, and nothing else, so that people are right in preferring a musician who prides himself less upon science than on taste. But this musician, with a taste formed solely by comparisons within the reach of the sensations, can excel at the utmost only in certain kinds of composition, by which I mean kinds having relation to his own temperament. Is he naturally tender? He expresses tenderness. Is his disposition lively, jocund, frolicsome, &c.? His music corresponds to it. But take him out of his natural character, and you will no longer recognise him. Besides, as he draws everything from his imagination without any assistance from art, through the relations between himself and what he expresses, he at last wears himself out. In his first fire he is exceedingly brilliant; but the fire grows weaker in proportion as he wishes to rekindle it, and at last we no longer see aught in him save repetitions or platitudes.

"It would, therefore, be desirable to find for the stage a musician who studied nature before painting it, and who, by his science, was able to select such colours and gradations as his mind and taste had taught him to feel were in keeping with the necessary expressions.

"I am far from believing myself to be this musician; but I possess, at least, above others the knowledge of colours and gradations, of which they have only a confused sentiment, and which they use in due proportion by chance alone. They have taste and imagination, but all is limited in the reservoir of their sensations, where the different objects are united in a small number of colours, beyond which such musicians perceive nothing. Nature has not formed me entirely destitute of its gifts; and I have not so far given myself up to the combinations of notes as to forget the Naturally Beautiful, which alone suffices to please, but which is not easily found in ground which suffers from a deficiency of seed, and which, above all, has made its last efforts.

"Inquire concerning the ideas entertained of two cantatas, taken from me twelve years ago, and of which the manuscript copies are so spread about over France, that I did not think it worth while to have them engraved, unless I added some others, which I cannot

\* From *Le Ménestrel*.

† For instance, in *Le Mercure de France*, for March, 1765, in the *Eloge de Rameau*, published the following year by Maret, and in the little almanac, *Les Spectacles de Paris*, for 1784.

do for want of words. One is entitled *L'Enlèvement d'Oristie*; it contains recitative and character airs. The other is entitled *Thétis*, and in it you may remark the degree of anger which I give Neptune and Jupiter, according as it is right to give more self-possession or more rage to one or the other, and according as it is right that the orders of one or the other shall be carried out. It rests entirely with yourself to come and hear how I have characterised the songs and dances of the Savages who appeared at the Théâtre-Italien two or three years since, and how I rendered the headings: 'the Sighs,' 'the tender Laments,' 'the Cyclops,' 'the Whirlwinds' (that is, the masses of dust agitated by the high winds), 'the Converse of the Muses,' 'a Bagpipe,' 'the Tambourine,' &c.\* You will then see that I am no novice in art, and, above all, that I do not appear to be very lavish of my science in my productions, wherein I endeavour to conceal art by art itself; for I have in view solely persons of taste, and not savants, as there are a great many of the former and hardly any of the latter. I could let you hear some motets with grand choruses, and from them you would judge whether I feel what I wish to express. However, I have said enough to furnish you with food for reflection.—I am, sir, &c.,

"RAMEAU."†

Despite the accent of frankness and intelligent pride distinguishing this letter, Houdard de Lamotte was insensible to the solicitations contained in it, and the future author of *Hippolyte et Aricie*, of *Dardanus*, and of *Castor et Pollux*, had to renounce the hope of having him for a collaborator. Fortunately for himself and his prospects as a composer for the stage, Rameau was destined to find an influential and efficient patron in the person of an enthusiastic amateur, the opulent financier, Leriche de la Popelinière, one of the most wealthy farmers-general of the period, a man still celebrated on account of the grand style in which he lived and his love for the fine arts. As we are aware, La Popelinière had, in a manner, set up as the patron of artists; he liked introducing them to the numerous and brilliant society which met at his house, and was particularly fond of bringing forward such as were unknown. It was more especially this last fact which constituted his claim to renown and his originality. It will not, perhaps, be unprofitable to make him known to the reader. For this purpose I cannot do better than reproduce the essential passages from the highly interesting notice consecrated to him by Denne-Baron. From them the reader will see what kind of a man La Popelinière was; what part he played in the society of the eighteenth century; and the nature of Rameau's relations with him:—

" . . . . Though he was not the most opulent among the farmers-general, not one of his fellows possessed in a higher degree than he did the exceedingly rare art of spending his money as much to the advantage of others as to the advancement of his own pleasures. All young persons of talent, entering upon the career of letters and of art, found in him a warm patron. Foreign virtuosos, singers of both sexes, and violinists, coming to Paris, were received, lodged, and kept in his house at Passy, every one of them eagerly contributing to the brilliancy of his concerts. The celebrated vocalist, Mme Vanloo, wife of the painter of the same name, made Italian singing fashionable there. Marmontel, Vaucanson, Rameau, the painters Latour and Vanloo, and many other men noted for various kinds of talent, whom the generous Mécènes treated with the most friendly familiarity, flattered his vanity. Rameau, who lived in the house,‡ presided at the harpsichord in the concerts, played the organ on Church festivals in the private chapel, and composed his operas in this harmonious retreat, where he had at his disposal a spacious theatre, the best artists of the Opera, and an excellent orchestra. This theatre was the first step which conducted more than one composer to our grand lyric stage. A beginner could there get his works performed under the most advantageous circumstances. La Popelinière defrayed all the expenses. If the ordeal was favourable to the young musician, the noise of his success found its way to Versailles and Paris, and he was soon summoned to figure upon a vaster stage. At the Passy theatre, however, nothing but fragments of lyric drama were tried, and the reason is simple: the master of the house wrote comedies, comic

\* These are the titles of some of the harpsichord pieces, which Rameau had published in a collected form a few years previously.

† When giving his letter to the public, in the month of March, 1765, shortly after Rameau's death, the *Mercury* stated that it had been found among the papers of Houdard de Lamotte.

‡ M. and Mad. Rameau spent their life, so to speak, with M. de la Popelinière, either in Paris or at his fine house at Passy. Subsequently there was a slight coolness, caused, apparently, by another composer, whom the farmer-general had received under his roof.—Maret, *Eloge historique de M. Rameau*.

operas, and ballets, for which he himself or Rameau composed the music. Actors chosen from among the visitors played these works, which, though mediocre, were distinguished by enough good taste, and were sufficiently well written, to merit applause, without too much complaisance on the part of an audience already well disposed beforehand. The most furious efforts were made to obtain invitations for these performances, which were followed by a sumptuous supper, whereat were gathered princes, ambassadors, literary men, artists, and the most beautiful women of the capital. In the course of these Asiatic nights, in the midst of all that luxury could offer most magnificent and most delicate, after splendid voices had charmed the ear, when Jélotte and Mdle Fel had sung the joys of happy love, and Chassé lent effect by his striking and sonorous voice to the last cadence of a bacchanal song, the company were agreeably surprised by seeing the divine Sallé, the lively Lamy, and the fair young Pluvigny leave the table, and go through a thousand voluptuous steps to the airs executed by the orchestra.

"Himself a poet, musician, and draughtsman, La Popelinière lived in the midst of a concert of encomiums. As he was fond of incense, everyone gave him his money's worth. Voltaire called him Mécenas La Popelinière, or, without more ado, Pollio. In the language of Marmontel he was the Medici and the Pericles of finance. With Rameau, the greatest of his favourites, he was Apollo and Plutus. We read in the *Mémoires* of Bachaumont, under the date of the 2nd January, 1763, the following epitaph:—

"Sous ce tombeau repose un financier.  
Il fut, de son état, l'honneur et la critique.  
Généreux, bienfaisant, mais toujours singulier,  
Il soulagea la misère publique.  
Passants, priez pour lui, car il fut le premier."

"We must certainly accept this praise with some reserve, but it is true, notwithstanding, that he did a great deal of good, and we are bound to be thankful to him for it, without examining whether he was actuated by vanity or real generosity. He had, however, many who envied him, and frequently obliged persons who proved ungrateful. His manners were noble. He possessed, in the highest degree, the feeling of propriety, together with simple and natural politeness, adapted to the different classes of persons he received. No one could be more amiable than he could, when desirous of pleasing. He wrote with facility prose and verse, composed very charming songs, and seasoned his conversation with *bons mots*, which would have sufficed to make the reputation of a wit. Most of his numerous productions are hidden under the veil of anonymousness. Scarcely was it thought worth while to print his romances and songs, though they exhibit much easy grace. They have not gone beyond the limit of the faithful who heard them when first sung at the familiar suppers. Whatever music of his circulated among the public is not even known by his name. 'Les Brunettes' once so popular; 'Aimable Climène'; 'Petits Oiseaux sous le feuillage' are by La Popelinière, as well as the air of 'Charmante Prairie,' published by the *Mercur*, in 1731, and attributed erroneously to Du Buisson. The simple pastoral: 'O, ma tendre Musette,' which enjoyed so much vogue, though the author was not known, is certainly, a contemporary writer says, by La Popelinière, who produced this charming piece of music and twenty others, with singular facility, while accompanying himself on the *vielle* or the guitar. All he knew about music, adds the same writer, was taught him by Rameau, who has not disdained introducing into his own ballets some of La Popelinière's airs, such as the *menuet* of *Les Talents lyriques*, the second song for Hebe in *Castor et Pollux*, and the pretty recital, 'Un Roi qui veut être heureux,' in the *Temple de la Gloire*."

(To be continued.)

ALGIERS.—*La petite Mariée* has been successfully performed here. TURIN.—Herr von Flotow will himself superintend the production of his new opera, *Fior di Harlem*, at the Teatro Vittorio Emanuele. —Sig. Petrella's new opera, *Diana*, and Sig. Billesta's latest production, *Rosa di Fiorenza*, will be brought out in the autumn at the Teatro Carignano.

ROME.—The repertory of the Teatro Apollo, during the Carnival-Lent season, will include: *Aida*, Verdi; *Meftistofele*, Boito; *Gioconda*, Ponchielli; *La Bella Fanciulla di Perth*, Lucilla; and another opera not yet fixed on. Verdi's *Requiem*, also, will be one of the attractions. Among the company will be Signore Mariani-Masi, Brambilla-Ponchielli, Pasqua, Passaglia; Signori De Sanctis, Barbaccini, Broggi, Parboni, Miller, and Ottavi. Conductor, Sig. Mancinelli. The ballets selected are *Ermanzia*, by Sig. Pratesi, and *Messalina*, by Sig. Danesi.

\* *Biographie Didot.*

#### THE LATTER DAYS OF GAETANO DONIZETTI.\*

A great deal has been written concerning the life of Donizetti, and he has had many biographers, but, with the exception of Ciconetti, few of them have collected exact and trustworthy information relating to the latter months of his existence, months passed by him amid the tortures of a slow and terrible malady, which carried him off in the flower of his age. On the solemn occasion of his remains being transported from an humble cemetery to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore di Bergamo, two celebrated writers published a number of letters and facts bearing specially on the last phase of a life so glorious for musical art. These letters and facts struck us as highly interesting. In reproducing them here we believe we are adopting a course agreeable to our readers.

The malady which struck down Gaetano Donizetti in the prime of manhood, and which, gradually destroying all the resources of his robust constitution, conducted him inexorably to the sepulchre, did not attack him suddenly in Paris, as all his biographers have asserted. Certain warnings, which indicated an incipient perturbation in the principal centres of nervous power, the brain and the spinal marrow, had been manifested, at intervals, as early as 1839; that is, when, having amplified and corrected *Il Poltuto*, and sketched in the grand canvas of *Il Duca d'Alba*, he was, in Paris, urgently solicited to undertake the task of writing two other operas, one for the Academy of Music and one for the Italians. Amid the atmosphere of light and incense, whither he had been transported by his eminent merit, and where he should have reached the acmé of felicity, a threatening cloud was clearly visible. Riches, honours, glory, and every dazzling reward the world could bestow were showered upon him. But he was wearied.

"I am sad," he wrote to his greatest friend, Mayer. "I feel my age very much. I am grey and tired of work. The world thinks me what I am not. I care little for the world, but I do care about myself. I have a capital of a hundred thousand francs; that is not sufficient to live respectably."

These melancholy reflections did not correspond with his natural vigour, or daring, industrious, and enterprising mind. Much less were they compatible with the charm which glory, stretching out both hands to him, must have had for a man of his disposition. If, however, the healthy philosophy which inspired the above ideas had found a perfectly sound will, it would have been in time to save for many extra years the threatend life. Unfortunately, it had to contend against a will already enfeebled.

"I am now writing here," he goes on to say in the same letter, "two operas. The publisher gives me six thousand francs each, besides my author's rights; but this will take two years. . . . In Italy *il faut ce qu'il faut*: happy you—I am always chained to my desk. No sooner was *Il Poltuto* finished than *Il Duca d'Alba* was commenced. Oh! *maestro mio*, I shall bid the theatre a bitter adieu as soon as possible. I say bitter, though it has made me rich; but I shall do so cordially, in order to be delivered from such *souffrances*!"

Sufferings? What could they be? Was he, perchance, disgusted with Fortune, while she was lavishing all kinds of favours on him? No. He felt that his powers were trembling in the balance. He knew that he possessed enough to satisfy every wish; and he experienced the necessity of seeking, in a calmer atmosphere, a little peace and repose; yet, at the same time, he had not the moral courage to flee from the bodily and mental torture which he was enduring. These were the first symptoms of the want of equilibrium in his powerful intellect. If, better advised, he had granted his shattered health a few months' rest, he would not have seen, a short time subsequently, all his vigour dry up so unexpectedly and so irrevocably. But, as has too frequently been the case with men of the acutest intellect, during the precarious lull of the disease he deceived himself, and the very dread of not coming up to the height which he had attained by such efforts excited him to even greater exertion. For art this was fortunate, since art gained *La Favorita*, *Linda*, *Don Pasquale*, *Maria di Rohan*, and *Dom Sebastiano*, treasures constituting the last farewell of that genius which was then being extinguished.

The four or five years between 1840 and 1845 were the most marvellous period of his most agitated existence. Far be it from

\* From *La Gazzetta dei Teatri*.

us to be wanting in respect to a great man; but we are bound to say that this period is all crossed with morbid lines, or designed on a by no means clear, psychological background. There was something feverish about the mania of using and abusing life without a moment's respite. He accepted simultaneously commissions from Vienna, Naples, Rome, Milan, and Paris. Time was killing the powerful fire of his mind, from which, like a torrent which has burst through its banks, there escaped the most varied and the most grandiose inspirations; his mind, unnaturally excited, attempted to laugh at time. In Vienna, with the feverishness which at intervals caused his *brain to boil*, and wore him out, he conducted the Court concerts, composed music for the Imperial chapel, re-touched operas already written, composed fresh ones, and sketched out others. During the day he was composing at his table or the piano; later, he was engaged till midnight in the theatre, superintending rehearsals or conducting the performance.

Calmeil, Ricord, and Mittivié, three of the most celebrated medical men in France, having been called to a consultation at the composer's residence on the 28th January, 1846, when the whole population of Paris was in a state of commotion at the news of his terrible disease, declared most emphatically that the latter had been slowly and insidiously developed. They stated, also, their conviction that the predisposition to mental disorder in Donizetti dated far back, or was, perhaps, hereditary in him. Men so distinguished as authorities in mental disorders did not neglect seeking in previous facts the original causes and remote provocatives of the malady they were summoned to treat. For them, certain circumstances, which had been regarded simply as extravagances or accidental eccentricities on the master's part, were the revealing indices of the disorder which had for years been gradually increasing in the grand cerebral mass. Very frequently Donizetti had, as though jokingly, told his wife and friends that, when he sat down at the table or piano to compose, it seemed as if the ideas issued from one side only of the brain, and that he felt, inside his skull, a kind of bar stretched between the right and the left portion. On one occasion, conversing with a most intimate friend of his, Signor Dolci, in the presence of several other persons with whom he was on intimate terms, he stated laughingly that a very strange thing frequently happened to him. "When," he said, "I have any comic music in my head, I feel a disagreeable knocking at the left-hand side of my forehead; when it is serious music, I have the same disagreeable feeling on the right-hand side. Then, too, there is greater heat at the spot where I feel the pricking than elsewhere, and everything passes off when I have finished writing." Not unfrequently, especially in Naples, and during the life of his wife, it was observed that an intense headache preceded a musical creation, and that it vanished when the brain, so to speak, had thrown off its burden. At a later epoch, that is to say after 1840, and especially in 1845, these physical phenomena, assuming a more menacing form, grew more frequent and more conspicuous. At the same time the master's disposition, sensitiveness, habits, and demeanour were strongly marked by irregular and anomalous acts. One evening in 1843, while he was talking to some friends in the manager's room at the Kärnthner-Theater, Vienna, he suddenly became silent, and pressed his head strongly with both hands. In reply to some one present, who inquired whether he had a headache, he said, "No; I feel something strange inside my head; it seems as though a thunderbolt had traversed my brain. This is not the first time, however, that I have had the feeling, and it will go off as it always has done." In the summer of 1843, when *Maria di Rohan* was being got up at the Kärnthner-Theater, the artists, to their great surprise, saw him appear one morning at rehearsal with strangely altered features. All his face appeared puffed up, and, instead of its usual expression, it exhibited a character of stupidity.

A few months after this, while he was seated one evening at the piano, directing a concert in the grand saloon of the Royal Academy of Music, Paris, the spectators were struck by his exceedingly strange behaviour. Contrary to his usual custom of being serious and most attentive while accompanying a piece of music, he diverted himself, on the evening in question, by staring, from time to time, with an idiotic expression, at the fair and distinguished artist who was singing, and who, indignant at what she thought an act of rudeness or an insult, was on the point of causing a scene before the select audience.

(To be continued.)

## THE ORGAN AT THE ROYAL AQUARIUM.

(From a Correspondent.)

The following is a description of the large organ just erected in the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, by Mr Henry Jones, of Fulham Road, South Kensington. The instrument has three full manuals, compass of each CC to C, 61 notes, and the pedal organ extends from CCC to F, 30 notes. The stops are arranged as under, and each one is full compass, 61 notes:—

### GREAT ORGAN, CC to C, 61 notes—

Double Diapason, 16 ft., c c, metal.	Mixture (3 ranks), various, c c, metal.
Open ditto, 8 ft., c c, metal.	Mixture (2 ranks), various, c c, metal.
Harmonic ditto, 8 ft., c c, metal.	Contra posanne, 16 ft., c c, metal.
Gamba, 8 ft., c c, metal.	Posanne, 8 ft., c c, metal.
Gedacht, 8 ft., c c, wood and metal.	Trumpet, 8 ft., c c, metal.
Octave, 4 ft., c c, metal.	Clarion, 4 ft., c c, metal.
Harmonic Flute, 4 ft., c c, metal.	Spare Slide
Twelfth, 2½ ft., c c, metal.	
Fifteenth, 2 ft., c c, metal.	
Octavin harmonic, 2 ft., c c, metal.	

### SWELL ORGAN, CC to C, 61 notes—

Double Diapason, 16 ft., c c, wood and metal.	Octavin, 2 ft., c c, metal.
Open Diapason, 8 ft., c c, metal.	Mixture (3 ranks), various, c c, metal.
Gamba, 8 ft., c c, metal.	Contra Fagotto, 16 ft., c c, metal.
Salicional, 8 ft., c c, metal.	Horn, 8 ft., c c, metal.
Voix celeste, 8 ft., c c, metal.	Harmonic Trumpet, 8 ft., c c, metal.
Gedacht, 8 ft., c c, wood and metal.	Orchestral Oboe, 8 ft., c c, metal.
Harmonic Flute, 4 ft., c c, metal.	Clarion, 4 ft., c c, metal.
Principal, 4 ft., c c, metal.	Voix Humaine, 8 ft., c c, metal.
	Spare Slide.

### CHOIR ORGAN, CC, to C, 61 notes—

Open Diapason, 8 ft., c c, metal.	Harmonic Flute, 4 ft., c c, metal.
Dulciana, 8 ft., c c, metal.	Piccolo, 2 ft., c c, wood and metal.
Stop Diapason, 8 ft., c c, metal.	Hautbois, 8 ft., c c, metal.
Octave Kerauption, 4 ft., c c, metal.	Clarinet, 8 ft., c c, metal.

### PEDAL ORGAN, CCC to F, 30 notes—

Double open Diapason, 32 ft., c c c, wood.	Bass Flute, 8 ft., c c c, wood.
Great Unison, 16 ft., c c c, wood.	Violoncello, 8 ft., c c c, wood.
Bass Gamba, 16 ft., c c c, metal.	Trombone, 16 ft., c c c, wood.
Bourdon, 16 ft., c c c, wood.	Bassoon, 8 ft., c c c, metal.
	Spare Slide.

### COUPLERS—

Swell to Great Organ.	Choir to Pedals.
Choir to Great Organ.	Octave Great.
Swell to Choir.	Space prepared.
Swell to Pedals.	Space prepared.
Great to Pedals.	

### ACCESSORY MOVEMENTS—

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Total	...	60	"	2,680 "

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on the great and pedal organs, and the German gambas and harmonic stops are remarkable for their sweet and clear tone. This instrument has been tested by many of the principal musicians of the present day, and pronounced one of the finest organs in the kingdom for its size.

W. B. H.

### THE NEW THEATRE, DRESDEN.

(Extract from a Letter.)

The new Theatre Royal (*Hof-Theater*) was, as you are probably aware, designed by the late Herr Semper, and is now being built under the direction of his son, Manfred, in conjunction with the chief Government architect, Herr Hänel. There is no longer any obstacle to its completion, since the Chamber voted some few weeks since a second demand for an additional grant to the tune of 712,000 marks. This swells the cost up to more than 3,000,000 marks, a large sum, it is true, but, in return, Dresden will boast of a monumental edifice such as few cities can show. Whatever may have been said, in the Chambers and elsewhere, in depreciation of the new theatre, the proud stateliness of its style and the strictly classical purity of its architectonic forms are becoming more and more apparent; and, when the space in front shall be cleared, or adorned with tasty shrubs and fountains, and the principal face of the edifice crowned by Bacchus and Ariadne in a car drawn by panthers, every unfavourable voice will assuredly be silenced. The interior also, which produces on every unprejudiced spectator an impression in perfect keeping with that made on his mind by the outside, is being carried out strictly according to the original plans. The most admirable arrangements for satisfying the exigencies of the stage, as well as for assuring the comfort and safety of the public, are united in a wonderful way with elegance and beauty.

### M. GARNIER ON THE NEW GRAND OPERAHOUSE, PARIS.

"Too much gold! Too much gold!" Such is the cry which has been uttered and repeated several times in reference to the auditorium and crush-room of the Opera, and people have calculated with affright the sums swallowed up and the mass of gilt waves that I caused to flow through my great Danaïdical tub! "Too much gold!" said the journalists. "Too much gold!" said financiers, and worthy citizens, and Deputies, and Parisians, and Provincials! "Too much gold! This architect is ruining us, and squandering the money of the State!"

Did I not fear I might be accused of uttering a paradox, I should say, at once, that there is no gold in the Operahouse! This would not be quite correct, I am aware, but it would, after all, be more correct than to say that there is any gold, seeing that three fourths, at least, of what appears to be gilt is only painted in oil colours! Do not cry out, Reader, for such is the fact. The gold which shocks you is almost invariably nothing more than a little yellow ochre, three coats of which cost about seventeen sous a mètre. It is this yellow ochre, with a slight mixture of grey and red, which deceives your eyes and moves you to cry out about scandalous prodigality! The interior of the New Operahouse would not have been more profusely gilt than the old one, and would not deserve more than the latter the reproach of being too luxurious, had it cost 137,176 francs. Now, what is the real fact? The new auditorium, every thing included, cost 47,520 francs.

### WAIFS.

Mr W. Dorrell has left London for his retreat in Kent.

Mr and Mrs F. B. Jewson have gone into Kent for their vacation.

A revival of Félicien David's *Désert* is among the possibilities at the Théâtre-Lyrique.

The Bouffes-Parisiens will open on the 1st September with *La Princesse de Trébizonde*.

Old Soker says, "If drinking interferes with a man's business, let him give up the business."

Sig. Merelli was lately in Paris, the object of his visit being to complete his Italian company for Vienna.

The Italian Bellotti-Bon Dramatic Company, No. 1, will, it is said, perform in Paris during the Exhibition.

Sig. Gayarre is reported to have signed an engagement with the Duke of San Donato for the San Carlo, Naples.

There is one thing about hens that looks like wisdom—they never cackle over their eggs until after they have laid them.

Being asked how many children she had, an old dame replied: "Ise got three that I has to scuffle for, and three as can scuffle for themselves."

M. Carvalho has engaged, for the Opéra-Comique, MM. Fürst and Queulain, both of whom lately carried off prizes at the Conservatory examinations.

A young enthusiast with an accordion can turn more souls from Zion in three hours, on a warm summer night, than Brother Moody can restore in three months.

The Mass performed by order of the municipality at Turin, on the anniversary of the death of King Charles Albert, was from the pen of Sig. Cornalia d'Alessandria.

The Paris Opéra-Comique will be opened by M. Carvalho on the 1st September with *Piccolino*, which will afterwards be played alternately with *Philemon et Baucis*.

It is probable that a monster concert-room will be erected at the Trocadero for the Paris Exhibition of 1878. Should such be the case, the architects will be MM. Davioud and Bourdois.

Mad. Jules Quidant, whose stage-name was Mdlle Le Huédé, and who belonged formerly to the Opéra-Comique, has just died in Paris. She was in no way related to M. Alfred Quidant, the pianist.

Signora Donadio is in Paris, studying with M. Hustache, of the Grand Opera, the part of Ophelia in M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*. She will sing the part during the approaching Italian season at St Petersburg.

Some time since the Marquis Eugène de Lonlay offered some silver medals to encourage the study of music in the Lyceum of Caen and the College of Argentan. The medals have been carried off this year by MM. Lubin, Dubut, and Lacroix.

Herr J. B. Schneider intends shortly making a tour through Italy with a special company, and giving performances of the well-known *Oberammergauer Passions-Spiel*. His company have recently been acting at the Royal Operahouse, Bayreuth.

A young Scotch farmer having set his affections upon a young lady, recently proposed marriage without the usual preliminaries. The lady, equally frank, rejoined: "Deed, Jamie, I'll tak ye, but ye maun gie me my dues o' coorting for a' that."

M. J. Massenet, who was lately created a member of the Legion of Honour by Marshal MacMahon, is engaged on a ballet to be interpolated in his opera of *Le Roi de Lahore*, which M. Halanzier will, in all probability, bring out before the end of February.

*Matelda* is the title of an opera just completed for Signora Lucca, the head of the well-known publishing firm, by a young composer named Sig. Scontrino. The work will, if report speaks true, be executed, during the Carnival, at the Teatro Pagliano, Florence.

A broker in New York stunned his antagonist in a chaffing combat with the following:—"I'll b-b-bet you 500 dollars that you and I can tell mo-mo-more lies than any other to-to-two men in this town, and I pro-pro-promise for my part no-no-not to say a word."

A national hymn to a *chorale*, composed by His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, was sung before Her Majesty the Queen, under the direction of Professor H. S. Oakeley, on the occasion of unveiling the statue of the late Prince Consort at Edinburgh, on Thursday last.

Says the *Fulton Times*: "Several persons who were in the Lewis House yesterday were surprised to see a stranger who sat near the window suddenly lay aside his paper, haul up his breeches, cut a toothpick off from a wooden leg, and then quietly resume his reading."

When a train stops at a flag-station in America, and a lady and gentleman get off and look around them forlornly and disconsolately, like a couple of exiles from some foreign shore, you may know, says the *Boston (U.S.) Courier*, that there are two people besides yourself that are looking for country board.

It has been said that, if a man is walking for health and enjoyment, four miles an hour is the best gait. This may be true as regards health, but for enjoyment we remember one night when it took us over four hours to walk a mile. It happened, however, that the old folk had gone to camp meeting and she had the latch-key.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA BALLET AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The ballet (with the *premières danseuses* of Her Majesty's Opera) has proved highly successful at the Alexandra Palace during the past week. It has afforded the public, at a moderate cost, that which ordinarily comes within the reach of those only who possess long purses.

M. Leopold Ketten, well known as a tenor in the north of France, has announced his intention of giving a concert on Monday, the 28th inst., at the Hotel du Pavillon, Boulogne-sur-Mer, on which occasion he will be supported by his brother, M. Henri Ketten ("the French Rubinstein," who is at present making a *furor* at the Messrs Gatti's Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden), as well as by several other artists of note.

The opening of the Théâtre-Lyrique is still fixed for the 1st Sept. The military obligations of some of the artists, who belong to the army of reserve, will necessitate the postponement of certain works; but with *Dimitri*, *Oberon*, and one or two other operas, the management will be able to go on for a time.

At a penny reading lately, a cockney was attempting to recite the part of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, but with indifferent success. A brawny Scot in the audience, indignant at the ruthless murder of his native tongue, bawled out: "Whaur's yer awksent, mon?" "Why, you've got it," answered the cockney, to the intense delight of the audience.

There is, indeed, reason in all things, and gentle George Herbert, who loved a glass of good wine—when he could get it—gave wise advice on the subject, when he wrote:—

Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame  
When once it is within thee, but before  
May'st rule it as thou list; and pour the shame  
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor,  
It is most just to throw that on the ground,  
Which would throw me there, if I kept the round.

MALTA.—The theatre will be inaugurated by a new opera, entitled *Agnes*, from the pen of Sig. Antonio Nani.

FÉCAMP.—Tamberlik is expected for the purpose of singing in a concert got up by the Sailors' Protection Society.

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